

IN THE SENATE GALLERY

By A. H. JOHNSTON

Copyright, 1901, by A. H. Johnston

Vulgarity, the king of the lobby was and is supposed to deal in money—crisp banknotes of a denomination large enough that a number may be carried in the pocket without bulging, and yet may be passed over the counter by a representative of small resources without attracting attention. This is all very vulgar, and not here to be discussed. Certain it is that the king of the lobby never so fully realized until that day that his business lay not with banknotes in the analysis, but with subtle undercurrents of a human soul that no plummet fathoms.

He had spent—never mind, the figures were nowhere set down—but he had spent money actually and had sweat blood figuratively to pass the canal bill. The canal bill was to come to a final vote within fifteen minutes, and if a coin had been tossed up he would have laid even money on heads or tails. As he looked out over the big hall, swinging a piece of straw, not a muscle of his strong face twitched. His intelligent eyes narrowed to two cunning predatory slits, his glance flitting from the pink and white face of a girl in the gallery to the gray sprinkled head of a man who sat at a desk well forward in the room below.

Two persons perhaps in the assembly knew how the vote would turn, he thought. One of these was the girl and the other the man. On second thought the king of the lobby revised his opinion. The girl did not know, for Archibald, with the banknotes burning in a stuffy envelope in the inside pocket of his coat, could not have told her. Or if the banknotes were even now on their way back to the king of the lobby Archibald was still not the man to have told her. Archibald did not pose, whatever he did. And at thirty and eight a politician and a bachelor does not get himself engaged to a girl for the purpose of talking statecraft with her, and perhaps not even questions of ethics.

This is the way that matters stood, as far as the king of the lobby could know. The oldest senator, and the memories of some of them went back to the days when old Dick Yates, the war governor, prorogued a refractory legislature and fitted out regiments at the expense of his own pocket, could not recollect a measure that had provoked as much heat as the canal bill. It was a bill about which one honest man might hold an opinion diametrically opposed to the opinion of another honest man, and, as every one knows, this brings about a state of affairs. Such was the hue and cry that by the time the bill had passed the lower house and had reached the senate even its strong supporters were afraid to vote for it. At this juncture the men of money behind the bill, being also men of craft, came to an understanding with the lobby.

The king of the lobby, according to his custom, wrote down on a sheet of paper the names of all the honest men who were reckoned upon to vote against the bill, on another sheet the names of the honest men who would vote for it, and still on a third sheet he wrote the names of the "wobblers" and the "sell-ers." He employed plausible men to convince the "wobblers" and dispatched cunning lieutenants who bought the "sell-ers." All these names he added to the list of the canal bill's backers, and yet three names of the requisite number were lacking. He got two from the other side—no matter how. Then, as the days went on and the third was not landed, the lobby king went with fear. Archibald of Cook, silent and patient and conservative, had given no inkling of the way that he intended to cast his vote. But Archibald was a man of character, so they said, and the most timid were never afraid to peep at Archibald piped.

The king of the lobby heard things—stories of debts, and of the love affair that was gossip, and being a lobby king he saw a desperate chance and resolved to play it. It was not the business of the lobby king to deal in ethics, which in the long run every man must attend to for himself. So, late in the past evening, Archibald had been informed in the most delicate way that friends of the measure were deeply grateful to him for the vote which he intended to cast in their favor. As a trifling return a very small proportion of the about to be increased dividends of the canal company were transferred to him in a plain brown envelope by the hands of a messenger. The lobby king was accustomed to suspense, but it was a matter of some concern to him as the clerk stood up to read the long legal title of the bill that afternoon as to just what disposition had been made of the brown envelope.

Archibald sat composedly at his desk in the senate writing letters. Or, perhaps, he only pretended to write to conceal a latent nervousness. It is certain that he glanced at the girl in the gallery but once, and then surreptitiously and timidly. For that matter, politician as he was and considerably experienced in the ways of the world, Archibald was always timid in the presence of the girl. She was only nineteen, a slender slip of femininity, just out of boarding school, but she had taught Archibald a great many things, or at least he thought that she had, and it is much the same. He did not defer to her judgment precisely, but he shifted his point of view to meet her sentiments. For example, the

girl did not conceive of riding through life in other than a coach and four, as she had ridden thus for nineteen years by the grace of a parent who slaved and another parent who managed. Archibald was poor and latterly sunk into debt, but he accepted the idea of a coach and four as though he had been born to it. And this is not saying that it was thrust upon him. It was merely a part of the divinity that hedged about a handsome girl who spoke of ordinary politicians and their wives as "those people."

Where the money was to come from he had not the least idea, and he found it more tolerable on the whole not to dwell upon ways and means. He simply marked time, and his hair grew whiter and something came up every day to remind him that he was not young any longer.

Ordinarily the coarse blandishments of the lobby had no terrors for Archibald. But when you come to the love of a woman, a nice sentiment about marriage settlements, a mountain of debt and a dizzy sum of money in a plain brown envelope, and the bill is a good one perhaps anyway, and no one cares a copper whether you go up or down, why, that is another thing. Only that morning Archibald had taken the girl for a drive in a fancy cutter behind a pair of thin flanked bays. It might have been chance, but it looked like fate, that as they dashed past the steps of the capitol the lobby king, on the topmost step, had lifted his hat to them.

"Oh, by the way," said the girl, "I'm coming over at 3 to hear the contest on that horrid canal bill. It will be exciting."

"Don't, dear," said Archibald. "Why?" pouted the girl, whose face shone temptingly pink and white over a gray fur boa.

"Because," stammered Archibald, very intent upon the restive bays, "the struggle is all over. There is nothing left but voting."

When the girl, with a bevy of other ladies, took her seat in the gallery that afternoon, Archibald did not look up at once, but he knew that she was there as well as if he had had eyes in the top of his head.

A strange calmness fell upon the buzzing senate chamber as the clerk's shrill voice took up the first syllable of his reading. Debate had been exhausted in weeks of turmoil, and nothing now remained but the formal ballot, which had been made a special order of the day. In the nervous tension of the minutes some of the men most interested sat with faces working despite strong efforts at self control, some grinned foolishly and others tore up strips of blank paper and folded them with care. Many eyes turned toward Archibald, for by an unaccountable but not unusual telepathy the knowledge had spread that his might be the casting vote, and Archibald's name was the third on the list.

"The clerk will now please call the roll," said the lieutenant governor, rapping smartly on the desk. There was the audible rustling of a leaf, and then the clerk's shrill call: "John T. Aldridge."

Aldridge voted "aye," as it had been conceded that he would.

"Thomas S. Allen."

"No!" shouted Allen, with the full strength of his lungs. There was a little handclapping, which the chairman suppressed immediately.

"George D. Archibald!" called the clerk.

The king of the lobby caught his breath for the fraction of a minute, and patriarchal senators stroking their white beards leaned over anxiously to hear the voice of the hale, quiet man from Cook.

"Aye," said Archibald clearly, and there was a slight uproar of mingled hisses and applause.

The king of the lobby folded his arms and smiled a little. After that, silk hat in hand, he stood to hear the vote through with the born expression of a man who anticipated every move of the game.

He turned when the vote was announced and bumped into a page who had been waiting at his elbow to hand him a stuffy brown envelope. It had been ripped open and banknotes were sticking out of the end audaciously.

"Returned with the compliments of George D. Archibald," ran the indorsement on the back. The king of the lobby, with a muttered oath, whipped the bills into the inside pocket of his coat.

Meantime the girl in the gallery was saying to a friend how horrid it was of Mr. Archibald to vote on the side that people hissed; which, of course, it was.

Only Wanted Part. A certain reverend doctor who for many reasons must be simply known by the ordinary name of Jones is generally considered to be a most eloquent preacher, but unfortunately he belongs in some respects to the old fashioned school and finds it nearly impossible to adapt himself to the prevailing fashion of short discourses. It is a frequent joke far beyond his own immediate family circle that after writing a sermon he is obliged to cut it up into a series of modern discourses.

A short time ago he received a note from a well known clerical brother conveying an urgent request that he would deliver a sermon upon some special church festival that was shortly to be held. The doctor replied to the effect that he would come and that he had just completed a sermon upon the golden calf which might be singularly appropriate for the occasion.

The brother clergyman was an old friend and knew Dr. Jones very intimately, and, being thus acquainted both with his peculiarities as well as with his ability to take a joke, he sent the following answer by telegraph:

"Golden calf just what is wanted. A fore quarter is all that will be needed."

FOR PLEASURE AND REST TAKE

OLD DOMINION LINE

TO

Norfolk,
Old Point Comfort,
Virginia Beach,
Ocean View,
Richmond, Va.
AND
Washington, D. C.

Steamers sail daily, except Sunday, at 3 P. M. from Pier 26, North River, foot of Beach Street, New York.

For full information apply to

Old Dominion Steamship Co.,
81 Beach Street, New York.

H. B. WALKER, V. P. & Traf. Mgr. J. J. BROWN, G. P. & A.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEWARK, N. J.

FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN,
PRESIDENT.

ASSETS (Market Values) Jan. 1, 1903.....\$82,833,726 16
LIABILITIES.....76,178,960 43
SURPLUS.....6,654,765 73

Mutual Benefit Policies

CONTAIN

Special and Peculiar Advantages

Which are not combined in the policies of any other Company.

Stephen S. Day,
District Agent

776 Broad St., Newark.

Martin J. Callahan,
CONTRACTOR.

Flagging, Curbing and Paving

A supply of Door-steps, Window-sills and Caps, and Cellar Steps constantly on hand.

STONE YARD, ON GLENWOOD AVE.

NEAR D. L. & W. R. B. DEPOT.

RESIDENCE ON THOMAS STREET

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

(Circuit A-164)

SHERIFF'S SALE. Essex Common Pleas Court. The Cook & Bernheimer Company, a corporation, vs. Abraham De Wall, Jr. Pl. fa.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday, the eighth day of December next, at two o'clock P. M., all those tracts or parcels of land and premises situate lying and being in the township of Franklin, Essex County, New Jersey:

Beginning in the northernly line of Chestnut street north of degrees 27 minutes west 2 1/2 feet from westerly line of Phoebe Prentice; thence running north 41 degrees 22 minutes east 40 37-100 feet; thence parallel with westerly line of George B. Philhower north 37 degrees 19 minutes east 121 feet; thence parallel with the southerly line of land of Charles G. Barney at north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 78-100 feet to a point 51 24-100 feet from the westerly line of said Philhower; thence parallel with said westerly line south 37 degrees 19 minutes west 181 43-100 feet to Chestnut street; thence south 67 degrees 37 minutes east 7 feet to beginning. Being lot No. 2 on map of real estate of Dr. George B. Philhower and the same premises conveyed to Joseph Stritt by George B. Philhower by deed recorded in Y-27-18, and by corrected deed in 128-177.

Second Tract—Beginning at a point 100 feet southwesterly from where the lands of Henry Hilton intersect with the lands of Charles T. Barney at the northern corner of a lot now owned by Lester Kierstead and along the easterly line of said Henry Hilton's land; thence (1) running south 52 degrees 42 minutes east 51 and 24-100 feet; thence (2) south 37 degrees 19 minutes west 35 feet; thence (3) north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 51 74-100 feet to lands of Henry Hilton; thence (4) north 37 degrees 19 minutes east along Henry Hilton's line 35 feet to beginning.

Being the rear part of lot No. 1 on map of real estate of Dr. George B. Philhower and the same premises conveyed to Joseph Stritt by George B. Philhower by deed recorded in Y-29-19.

Newark, N. J., November 2, 1903.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.

J. Edward Smith, Att'y.

(S15 90)

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELICIOUS PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Careful Man.
"Mr. Jones isn't in," said the maid at the door. "Will you leave your name?"
"Oh, no," replied Professor Absentminded. "You say I may need it myself before I see him again."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Like a Woman.
"If you'll notice," said Flinnick, "the poets invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"
"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Stood For It.
Physician—Your ailment is rheumatism, eh? Is it a case of long standing?
Patient (steambath pilot)—Yes, sir; I think that's what got it to me.—Exchange.

Do not presume too much that you are intrenched in any person's friendship.—Schoolmaster.

Too many men mistake alcoholic thoughts for genius.—Arlinson Globe.

ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE RELATING TO SEWER CONNECTIONS.

The Local Board of Health of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, by virtue of the provisions of an act of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey entitled "An Act concerning the enforcement of the health code and ordinances and regulations of the local boards of health in cities, towns, townships or other municipalities in this State wherein sewers are now or hereafter may be constructed," approved May 12, 1900, ordains as follows:

Section 1. Whenever the Local Board of Health in the Town of Bloomfield shall deem it advisable for the public health, they may require the owner or owners of any dwelling house or other building used for domestic or business purposes, in the said town, to hold along the line of any public sewer such dwelling house, or building, as shall be so required with such public sewer.

Section 2. If any owner or owners of any dwelling house or other building used for domestic or business purposes shall fail, neglect, or refuse to comply with the requirements and conditions of the Board of Health of Bloomfield and the terms of this ordinance within thirty days after the notification by the Board of Health of the Town of Bloomfield, or its Health Inspector or other proper authorized officer of said Board, in writing, any owner or owners shall pay a fine of twenty-five dollars and an additional fine of ten dollars for each and every day after the said thirty days in which the provisions of this ordinance and the requirements of such notice shall not be complied with.

Ordinance adopted November 19, 1903.

EDWIN M. WARD, President.

WM. L. JOHNSON, Secretary.

NOTICE.

IN THE MATTER OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SANITARY SEWER ON GROVE STREET.

Objections, in writing, to the work done, or materials used in the construction of said sewer must be filed with the Town Clerk on or before Monday, December 7, 1903, at 8 o'clock P. M., at which time the Town Council will meet in the Council Chamber at the Bloomfield National Bank Building, Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J., to consider such objections.

By order of the Town Council,

WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

(Circuit A-170)

SHERIFF'S SALE. Essex Common Pleas Court. Frank W. Crane vs. Frederick S. Baldwin. Pl. fa.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of December next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey:

Beginning in the northeasterly line of Newark avenue at a corner of land now or formerly belonging to Philip Weaver; thence (1) along the line of the land belonging to the said Philip Weaver north thirty-four degrees and fifty-three minutes east one hundred and fifty and ninety-two hundredths feet to line of land now or formerly of Samuel S. Baldwin; thence (2) along the last mentioned line parallel with the said avenue south forty degrees and thirty-one minutes east one hundred and thirty-one and fifty-two hundredths feet; thence (3) further along the line of said Samuel S. Baldwin at right angles to said avenue south forty-one degrees and thirty minutes west one hundred and fifty feet to said line of land now or formerly of Samuel S. Baldwin; thence (4) along said line of said avenue north forty-eight degrees and thirty minutes west one hundred and thirty feet and twenty-four hundredths feet to place of beginning. Contains four hundred and thirty-seven thousandths acres.

Being the same premises conveyed to said Frederick S. Baldwin by Samuel S. Baldwin and his wife by deed dated February 26, 1895, and recorded in Book 712 of Deeds for Essex County, on pages 135, &c.

Newark, N. J., November 9, 1903.

JOHN A. BLUES, Att'y.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff. (\$12.00)

We have the Most Complete Stock of the Best Brands

—OF—

Wines

—AND—

Liquors

IN THE STATE.

Monogram, 8 years old, full quart.....75c

Black's Golden Wedding, 10 years old, full quart.....\$1.00

Domestic Port and Sherry, 5 years old, full quart.....40c

Hunters, Wilson, Old Crow, DeWares, Trimble and Belle of Nelson, bottle.....\$1.00

H. Snyder & Son,

279 Glenwood Avenue,

Phone 83-n. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

FREE

This magnificent PARLOR LAMP, beautifully decorated, with an order for 20 lbs. of New Crop, 40c. Tea, or 20 lbs. Baking Powder, 45c. a lb., or an assorted order Teas and B. P., or 30 lbs. Bona Coffee, 25c. a lb.

COUPON, which can be exchanged for many magnificent Premiums, given with every 25c. worth of the above mentioned goods, Spices and Extracts.

Send today for our free catalog and coupon to The Great American Tea Co. Box 319, N. 33 Street, N. Y.

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

GEORGE HUMMEL,

Successor to Martin Hummel & Son,

Dealer in the Very Best Grades of

LEHIGH COAL!

—AND—

Well Seasoned WOOD, Sawed or Split.

YARD AND OFFICE:

361 BROAD ST., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES.

New Stock, Latest Designs, and Improved Patterns.

WERNER & COGAN,

First-Class PLUMBERS AND STEAM FITTERS,

577 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

ESSEX HOTEL BLOCK.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY. ELECTRIC BELL WORK.

E. B. BUDD,

Boarding and Livery Stables,

33 & 35 WASHINGTON AVENUE.

Coach and Coupe Service on Call

AT ANY HOUR OF THE DAY OR NIGHT.

Rubber Tire Carriages for Pleasure Driving.

Stage Work Done at Reasonable Rates.

Office: 33-35 Washington Avenue.

Telephone L. D. No. 3 V. S.

0.19-a

HORACE S. OSBORNE, Pres.,

Newark, N. J.

ARTHUR S. MARSELLIS, Sec'y and Treas.,

Montclair, N. J.

The Osborne & Marsellis Co.,

(INCORPORATED)

Quarrymen and Road Builders.

Broken and Building Stone,

Lumber and Masons' Materials.

BEST QUALITY LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA AND CANNEL COAL. KINDLING WOOD.

M. & B. and Long Distance Telephones.

Quarries: Coal Yard and Main Offices,

Upper Montclair, N. J.

John Rassbach & Son.

—FLO-RIST-S—

Flowering Plants of All Kinds.—Call and See Us.

324 Glenwood Avenue, Centre. 318 Maolis Avenue, Glen Ridge.

PHONES 32-B, 19-F.

BLOOMFIELD Sweet News Depot.

EARLY DELIVERY.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A Full Line of the Best Brands of

Imported and Domestic

CIGARS,

from Acker, Merrill & Condit,

D. Osborne & Co., Wilkinson,

Gaddis & Co.

GARLOCK & MISHELL

Newsdealers,

276 Glenwood Avenue

Opp. D. L. & W. Station.



Portrait of a man, likely a historical figure or a person of local significance.